

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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WHOLE NO. 767.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

KANSAS REMINISCENCES.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal, who is now traveling in Kansas, relates a few incidents of the past, which are interesting:

The 'crews' around Holton were settled by Missourians, who for a time maintained the ascendancy. In March, 1859, the proceedings of the first Republican convention ever held here were interrupted by a party of intoxicated pro-slavery men.

After the meeting adjourned, several of the ruffians fell upon the secretary, who was quietly leaving the room, and knocked him down.

They also assaulted another Republican and fired four shots at him while he was senseless upon the ground.

This was after nearly all the Republicans had left the vicinity of the hall, but they were suddenly called back by the cry of 'Guns for God's sake, guns! Shall we see our friends murdered?'

These惊ring words were passed from mouth to mouth, and in a few seconds there was a dozen Republicans on the ground, and their assailants were flying in all directions with bullets whistling about their heads. Four of them were shot, and though none of them were fatally wounded, one of the miscreants still carries a ball in his cheek, which entered on the opposite side and passed nearly through his face. This was a style of reasoning—a sort of *argumentum ad hominem*—which the Missourians appreciated; and its logic proved entirely convincing, for they have been extremely civil ever since.

From Holton my course was still northward, and after dark I stopped at a small log house to inquire if I could obtain lodgings.

'I don't know your name sir,' replied the master, looking searchingly at me from the door, as he threw the light of his candle full in my face.—A slightly bald, closely shaven man of unmistakably Yankee features, his vigilant eye had evidently seen something of the war, and was on the lookout for surprises. On learning exultantly that I was to be welcomed most cordially to his humble home. After ascertaining that he was a participant in the rencontre mentioned above, and had been shot at from ambush on one or two occasions I did not wonder at his welcome. His wife—like myself, a native of Connecticut—was a young lady of superior intelligence and culture.

They located here three years ago, and for the first six weeks, after their arrival she did not meet a single woman. She has since seen something of the rough edges of life, vastly different from her New England home, but cheerful contentment has repaid the pioneer hardships of half their efforts.

'Were you acquainted with old John Brown?' asked my host during the evening.

'Not personally.'

'He was in this house for four days winter before last, waiting for the creek to fall, so that he could go on with a party of twelve negroes whom he was taking to Canada.'

'How many men were with him?'

'None but Stevens and Whipple.'

'How did he impress you?'

'As a man of perfect sincerity and rectitude, governed by Christian principles. He was very quiet, and correct in his language, and no one could utter a oath in his presence without a profound blush of language or look.'

'Did he say anything foreshadowing the Harpers Ferry affair?'

'Not a word.'

'Stevens' continued the wife, 'was a daring fellow. One day a party of six men from Leavenworth came prowling around here in a suspicious manner. At last Stevens lost all patience, and taking his sharp rifle, went down to the creek where they were consulting.'

'What are you looking for?' he inquired.

'Six runaway negroes.'

'They described them to him, and he found they were not the ones we had.'

'Well gentlemen,' said he, 'we haven't got your negroes, but we have got twelve others up at the house. Come and see them if you like.' They were taken all aback by his coolness, and rode with him up to the house. Then he suddenly drew his rifle on them and cocked it, exclaiming, 'I'll teach you to come here hunting negroes.'

They were all armed to the teeth, but five of them rode away at full speed, leaving the six, who were unarmed with the rifle and knife, not budging an inch. 'Get off your horses,' said Stevens. The men did so. 'Now give up your arms.' The poor fellow was frightened almost to death and gave up his revolver. Stevens then marched him into the house and said, Mr. Brown is a man who comes up here hunting negroes. Do what you please with him. Mr. Brown examined him to see that he had no more weapons, took a rope from his pocket and tied his hands and feet and then asked him to sit down. He kept that man a prisoner here during all the time he staid, and talked to him about slavery and the meanness of hunting negroes. When at last he let him go he seemed thoroughly converted. He told me after he was set at liberty that he was surprised not to find old John Brown a hawking, blood-thirsty scoundrel, a good honest man, and that he would walk on his hands and knees from here to Holton to serve him from barm. I don't believe that he has been out after runaway slaves since or ever will again.'

Here was a fresh instance of the wonderful power of the Old Man in impressing men's minds with his perfect rectitude and sincerity. It was to this house that Marshal Wood of Leavenworth came with a posse of thirty men to arrest John Brown. The negroes remained near the premises, though out of pistol shot, for several hours, but were in mortal terror of Brown and his associates. The Marshal (who was quite as badly frightened as any of them) endeavored in vain to inspire his posse with courage to enter the house, where Stevens, Whipple and Brown, with loaded revolvers and rifles were waiting to receive them. The sight of Stevens, with rifle leveled, exalting cheerfully, 'Come on gentlemen, we are ready whenever you are, we will give no indecency for their nerves, they were truly persuaded that

the little cabin and the hay loft swarmed with armed men, and at last they departed in tumultuous haste, leaving John Brown and his negroes to go on out of the Territory, in broad-daylight, by the most traveled road.

When we sat down to breakfast the next morning my host devoutly asked a blessing upon the meal. A few minutes later, in conversation, he coolly remarked: 'I should not be sorry to see the troubles break out again. I know of a few scoundrels who have harassed the Free State men beyond all endurance, and who ought to be killed; but of course we don't want to shoot them unless they again give just provocation.'

Soon after he sipped his corn field, and your correspondent continued his way towards Brown county.

A. B. H.

From the Principia.

NO MORE SLAVE STATES.

'For ourselves, we are sorry that the hosts of freedom could not have been led forth upon a higher platform, and have inscribed upon their banner, "Death to Slavery," instead of "No more Slave States!" But the people will not have it so, and we are compelled to work and wait for a brighter day, when the masses shall be educated up to a higher standard of human rights and political morality.'—*Frederick Douglass' Paper*.

The Editor, whosoever he may be, that penned the above, (Mr. Douglass is in Europe), appears to be behind the times. No party exists that, instead of inscribing on its banner, 'Death to Slavery,' inscribes 'No more Slave States!' There was once such a party. It was called the 'Free Soil party.' It was organized in 1848, and remained in the field just four years, when it became 'Free Democracy,' in 1852. In form, it retained the old creed, but the expressions of it by its leaders grew fainter and fainter between, until 1856, when 'Free Democracy' gave place for a broader platform, under the name of the *Republican party*, by the action of two successive Conventions, the first at Pittsburgh, the second at Philadelphia. The Platform adopted at Pittsburgh, was from the pen of Henry J. Raymond of the *New York Times*. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* reported that one of the Western delegates proposed to amend the draft, by inserting the motto of 'No more slave States,' or its equivalent, but only six delegates present, himself included, voted in favor of its insertion. Letters from leading politicians in Congress, had earnestly counseled the dropping of the 'Free Soil' issue. Certain it is, that the Pittsburgh Platform did not contain it, and that, although a new draft was prepared and adopted, containing the glistening generalities of the Declaration of Independence, yet special care was taken to restrict their application to 'the Territories'—ignoring 'the States,' whether new or old, for whose benefit, and by the action of those of them then existing, the Federal Constitution had been formed. The motto of 'No more slave States,' was never been in the Republican Platform, and has been continuously and uniformly disclaimed by the leaders of the Republican party, in and out of Congress, and accompanied in hundreds of instances, in print, with charges of mendacity against Democratic leaders, for charging upon the Republican party. It is true that professors of opposition to 'the further extension of slavery' have been as constantly upon the lips and pens of leading Republicans, all along, but when presented for explanations or specifications, the uniform result has been that the exclusion of slavery from the Territories while remaining such, is all that was proposed, while as Mr. Lincoln, the new Presidential candidate has expressed it, the new State that presents itself for admission with a pro-slavery Constitution, must necessarily be received into the Union. The new platform adopted at Chicago, without ambiguity, takes substantially the same ground, by distinctly recognizing the right of 'the States' (making no distinction between old States and new,) to regulate their domestic institutions as they please. Such, is now, the admitted logical necessity, so long as the right of the old States to retain slavery is recognized instead of demanding 'Death to slavery,' instead.

But the peculiar venom of Mr. Sumner against slavery and 'the barbarism of slavery' is due to the same general cause which charged Garrison, Lovejoy, Brown and Helper from reasoning philanthropy to blind and revengeful fanaticism.

Garrison became the vindictive fanatic from the day he suffered from the hands of a Boston mob, Lovejoy began to live only for his great revenge against the 'slave power' from the day that his brother, the publisher of an abolition paper in Illinois, was sacrificed in an effort to repulse by arms the attack of a Missouri mob upon his establishment; John Brown's fatal fray upon Harper's Ferry is charged to the wrongs which he suffered from the border ruffians of Kansas; Helper was incensed by the publication of his infamous book by some injuries, real or fancied, from the people of North Carolina; and Sumner's impetuosity is manifestly the bludgeon of Brooks.

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Yet all this class of men are detected in the vanguard of the Republican party, and we have no doubt that the leaders of the Republican camp in and out of Congress, will be as prompt and liberal in their endorsements of and subscriptions for this revolutionary harangue of Sumner as they were to assist in the circulation of the treasonable and bloody instruction of Helper. We shall see. If anything can operate to cure the madness which has seized upon our Democratic politicians, and bring them to a sense of their duty, it will be the warning voice of this terrible revolutionary speech of Sumner. It fully exposes and urges the manifest destiny of the 'irrepressible conflict,' division, revolution and civil strife. It rejects all notions of fraternity, peace and harmony, and it could not be more violent against our brethren of the Southern States were they already arrayed against the North as a hostile people in the attitude of war.

During the delivery of this overpowering bill of charges, specifications and denunciations of that 'sum of all villainies,'—slavery—a profound and most ominous silence prevailed on the floor of the Senate, and in the galleries. We have no recollection; nor our experience here, running through a period of twenty years, of anything like this ominous silence, during the delivery of a speech for banishment on slavery, by a Northern fanatic or Southern fire-eater. We may confess silence, because we can only recognize it as something fearfully ominous—ominous of falsehood, ominous of the revival in the Capitol, and throughout the country of the slavery agitation, with a tenfold bitterness unparalleled with any previous stirring up of the fountains of bitter waters.

The only thing approaching an audible expression from Senator or citizen during this fearful speech was an 'irreproachable' little outbreak of laughter on the democratic side, in the silence of the orator to the reward offered by some wretched Virginian, during the John Brown excitement, of fifty thousand dollars for the living embodiment of one W. H. Seward. In fact, there

was so much of sensation matter, so much of the stuff of 'Pirate's Own Book,' the 'Newgate Calendar,' and books of that exciting description, interwoven into this speech of Sumner, that one can conclude that all his spare time of these last four years has been devoted to the compilation of this chapter of horrible things.

We leave him in the midst of his work, to close the mail, the uppermost idea suggested from what we have heard being a presentation that his extraordinary and fearful delivery of the deep ravage of Mr. Sumner against slavery can only result, and will surely result, in more mischief against the country than a thousand Sumners can repair in a lifetime.

who are unjustly incarcerated in this jail. I have a Lawyer employed to contest the outrageous cases that are daily occurring. I have released three colored persons, and am carrying the war into Africa.'

God has put me in the right place; I am quite content. 'Why Mass.,' said Old Bossy, said I, the Lord has specially sent you here for the colored people!' Why, yes, Bossy, said I, the Lord, it seems, has put me in jail to get other people out! Bossy scratched his head very much puzzled in his theology, but quite delighted with my success in getting him out. I am now about commencing actions on behalf of some of the wronged—actions for false imprisonment, and actions for violation of law otherwise. I think some of the little people, clothed in brief authority, will be for its extension. Therefore, by logical necessity must slavery be discussed—nor indirectly, mildly, and sparingly, but directly, openly, and thoroughly. It must be exhibited as it sits in its bones and in its animating character, so that not only its outside but its inside may be seen.'

On former occasions, I have discussed slavery only incidentally; as, in unfolding the principles that slavery is sectional and freedom national; in exposing the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave bill; in vindicating the prohibition of slavery in the Missouri Territory; in exhibiting the inhumanity throughout the rebellion of the slaves, and especially of South Carolina; and lastly, in unmasking the crime against Kansas. On all these occasions, where I have spoken at length, I have said little of the character of slavery, partly because other topics were presented, and partly from a disinclination which I have always felt to press the argument against those whom I know to have all the sensitiveness of a sick man. But, God be praised, this time has passed, and the debate is now lifted from details to principles. Grandeur debuts has not occurred in our history, rarely in any history; nor can this debate close or subside except with the triumph of freedom.

First assumption: Of course I begin with the assumption of fact. It was the often-quoted remark of John Wesley, who knew well how to use words, also how to touch hearts, that 'slavery was the sum of all villainies.' The phrase is pungent; but it would be rash in any of us to criticize the testimony of that illustrious founder of Methodism, whose ample experience of slavery in Georgia and the Carolinas seems to have been all condensed in that sententious judgment. Language is feeble to express all the enormity of this institution, which is now vaunted as in itself a form of civilization, 'enabling' at least to the master, if not the slave. Look at it in whatever light you will, and it is always the scab, the cancer, the 'bare bones,' and the shame of the country; wrong, not merely in the abstract, as is often admitted by its apologists, but wrong in the concrete also, and possessing no single element of right. Look at it in the light of principles, and it is nothing less than a huge insurrection against the eternal law of God, involving in its pernicious denial of all human rights, and also the denial of that divine law in which God himself is manifested, thus being practically the grossest lie and the greatest atheism. Founded in violence, sustained only by violence, such a wrong must, by a sure law of compensation, blast the master as well as the slave; blast the lands on which they live; blast the community of which

they are a part; and the people and the nation, and the more completely it prevails, must its blasphemous influence generate the whole social system.

The speech is very long, but we feel it to be our duty to give our readers, at length, an opportunity to judge for themselves, wherein this speech was unworthy of the man, the place, the occasion, or the times in which we live.—*Portage County Democrat*.

As far as it is possible to speak the whole truth, it is possible that this speech may have been ill-timed, for it is not always expedient to speak the whole truth. It is possible that it does not make sufficient allowance for the noble qualities of the Southern people in other regards than slavery. Has any man at the heels of Charles Sumner? If any man in the world has a perfect right to depict and denounce slavery that man is Charles Sumner. If any man in the world has a perfect right to lay bare the bellicose horrors of 'shanty' slavery, and expose its barbarous effects upon slave masters, that man is Charles Sumner.

Indeed we admire his courage, his unequalled moral pluck. In this day of compromises and timidity, of bated breaths and base concession, when the leathern fashion to say that the slavery question should be discussed only as a matter of profit and loss, it is refreshing to hear a Senator speak in the spirit of Jefferson and the Fathers.

Besides, does not the South challenge us to discuss the abstract? Do not Benjamin, Toombs, Stephens, Curry, Keitt, Lamar, Hunnicut, Slidell, Brown, Hammond, Cassatt, Mason, Pryor, Colquitt, Fitchburg and all the Southern politicians discuss the question of slavery in the abstract? Do they not deliver long arguments in

entire moral organization, like the poison of a malignant disease, until like William Lloyd Garrison, Owen Lovejoy, and John Brown, he can see nothing but the horrors of slavery, and recognizes nothing but the duty of its extermination. It was painful, in the face of this conviction, to contemplate the warping and dwarfing of this naturally genial, comprehensive and cultured mind of Sumner to this 'one idea' of the 'irrepressible conflict,' against the fixed dimmed institutions of one half this great confederacy, utterly regardless of the welfare of the other States.

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My kind friend: Your very excellent and sympathizing letter of 22d is before me. I thank you very heartily for giving me a place in your affection.

Whatever our heavenly father prompts his children to do in this case will be right. He has gifted me with a woman's endurance, and with a man's will to perpetuate the endurance. We are sorry that the slavery question engenders so much heat and violence. But we are thoroughly sick and tired of that wretched, dogmatic, brutal slang which is in our ears and our mouths, and which is the slave master's, and only abuse and falsehood for those who believe in the Anti-Slavery doctrines of Jefferson and Washington.—*Philadelphia Sunday Transcript*.

LETTER FROM THADDEUS HYATT.

[Although the Senate has ordered the release of Mr. Hyatt, yet we give the following letter written to a friend in Cleveland, prior to the session of that body. It shows the spirit of the man.]

WASHINGTON JUN. 25, 1860.
MY KIND FRIEND: Your very excellent and sympathizing letter of 22d is before me. I thank you very heartily for giving me a place in your affection.

Whatever our heavenly father prompts his children

THE AN-TISLAVERY BUGLE.

There be light—earlier than the malediction against murder—He set an everlasting difference between man and a chattel, giving to man dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth:

"that right we hold."

By His donation; but man over man
He made not lord; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free,

Slavery tyrannically assumes a power which Heaven denied, while under its barbarous economy, borrowed from the source of evil, a man is changed into a chattel—a person is wretched into a thing—a soul is shrunk into merchandise. Say, Sir, in your modesty, that you own the sun, the stars, the moon; but do not say that you own a man, endowed with a soul that shall live immortal, when sun, and moon, and stars have passed away.

Secondly. Slavery paints itself again in its complete abrogation of marriage, recognised as a sacrament by the church, and recognised as a contract wherever civilization prevails. Under the law of Slavery no such sacrament is respected, and no such contract can exist.

The ties that may be formed between slaves are all subject to the selfish interests or more selfish lust of the master, whose license knows no check.

Natural affections which have come together, are rudely torn asunder, nor is this all.

Stripped of every defense, the chastity of a whole race is exposed to violence, while the result is recorded in the tell-tale faces of children, glowing with their master's blood, but doomed for their mother's skin to slavery, through all descending generations. The Senator from Mississippi (Mr. Brown) is galled by the comparison between slavery and polygamy, and winces. I hail this sensibility as the sign of virtue. Let him reflect, and he will confess that there are many disgusting elements in slavery which are not present in polygamy, while the single disgusting element of polygamy is more present in slavery. By the license of polygamy one man may have many wives, all bound to him by the marriage tie, and in other respects protected by law. By the license of slavery, a whole race is delivered over to prostitution and concubinage, without the protection of any law. Sir, is not slavery barbarous?

Thirdly. Slavery paints itself again in its complete abrogation of the parental relation, which God in his benevolence has provided for the nurture and education of the human family, and which constitutes an essential part of civilization itself. And yet, by the law of slavery—happily beginning to be modified in some places—this relation is set at naught, and in its place is substituted the arbitrary control of the master, at whose mere command little children, such as the Senator called unto him, though clasped by a mother's arms, may be swept under the hammer of the auctioneer. I do not dwell on this exhibition. Sir, is not slavery barbarous?

Fourthly. Slavery paints itself again in closing the gates of knowledge, which are also the shining gates of civilization. Under its plain, unequivocal law, the bondman may, at the unrestrained will of his master, be shut out from all instruction, while in many places, incredible to relate, the law itself, by cumulative provisions, positively forbids that he shall be taught to read. Of course the slave cannot be allowed to read, for his soul would then expand in large air, while he saw the glory of the North Star, and also the helping truth that man, who made iron, never made a state, for he would then become familiar with the scriptures, with the Decalogue still speaking in the thunders of Sinai; with that ancient text, "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death;" with that other text, "Masters give unto your servants that which is just and equal;" with that great story of redemption, when the Lord raised the slave-born Moses to deliver his chosen people from the house of bondage; and with that sublimely story, where the Savior died a cruel death, that all men, without distinction of race, might be saved, leaving no mankind commandments which, even without his example, make slavery impossible. Thus, in order to fasten your manacles upon the slave, you fasten other manacles upon his soul. Sir, is not slavery barbarous?

Fifthly. Slavery paints itself again in the appropriation of all the soil of its victims, excluding them from that property in their own earnings which the law of nature allows and civilization requires. The painful injustice of this pretension is lost in its meanness. It is robbery and petty larceny under the garb of law; and even its meanness is lost in the absurdity of its associate pretension that the African, thus despised of all his earnings, is saved from poverty, and that for his own good he must work for his master, and not for himself. Also! by such a fallacy is a whole race pauperized. And yet this transaction is not without illustrative example. A solemn poet, whose verse has found wide favor, pictures a creature who—

"With one hand put
A penny in the ear of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out."

And a celebrated traveler through Russia, more than a generation ago, describes a kindred spirit, who, while on his knees before an altar of the Greek church, devoutly laid his hands with one hand, and with the other deliberately picked the pocket of a fellow sinner by his side. Not admiring these instances, I cannot cease to deplore a system which has much of both, while, under an affection of charity, it worldly takes from the slave all the fruits of his bitter sweat, and thus takes from him the mainspring to exertion. Tell me, Sir, is not slavery barbarous?

Such is slavery in its five special elements of barbarism, as recognized by law; first, assuming that man can hold property in man; secondly, abrogating the relation of husband and wife; thirdly, shutting the gates of knowledge; and fifthly, appropriating the unpaid labor of another. But this five-fold combination sometimes called "abolition"—this ghastly quinque of barbarism—each particular of which, if considered separately, must be denounced at once with all the anger of an honest soul, while the whole five-fold combination must awake a five-fold denunciation. But this five-fold combination becomes still more hateful when its single motive is considered. The Senator from Mississippi (Mr. Davis) says that it is but a form of civil government in freedom to the African Barbary, as it has already been its consequence in slavery, and is unquestionably its consequence in geographical character.

constituting its ever-present motive power, which is simply to compel the labor of fellow-men without wages! If the offenses of Slavery were less extended; if it were confined to some narrow region; if it had less grandeur in its proportions; if its victims were counted by tens and hundreds, instead of millions, the fire-breathed enormity would find little indulgence. All would rise against it, while religion and civilization would lavish their choicest efforts in the general warfare. But what is wrong when done to one man cannot be right when done to many. If it is wrong thus to degrade you, Mr. President—it cannot be right to degrade a whole race. And yet this is decided by the barbarous logic of slavery, while, taking advantage of its own wrong, claims immunity because its usurpation has assumed a front of audacity that cannot be safely attacked. Unhappily, there is barbarism elsewhere in the world; but American Slavery, as defined by existing law, stands forth as the greatest organised barbarism on which the sun now shines. It is without a single peer. Its author, after making it, broke the die.

If curiosity carries us to the origin of this law—and here I approach a topic often considered in this Chamber—we shall confine again its barbarism. It is not derived from the common law, that fortune of liberty; for this law, while unshakingly recognizing a system of servitude, known as polygamy, secured to the bondman privileges unknown to the American slave; protected his person against meanness; prosecuted his wife against rape; gave to his marriage equal validity with the marriage of his master, and supported his offspring with generous presumptions of freedom, unlike that rule of ours by which the servitude of the mother is necessarily stamped upon the child. It is not derived from the Roman law, that fountain of tyranny, for two reasons—first, because this law, in its better days, when its early rigors were spent—like the common law itself—accorded to the bondman privileges unknown to the American slave—in certain cases of cruelty rescued him from his master—prevented the separation of parents and children, also of brothers and sisters—and even protected him in the marriage relation; and secondly, because the thirteen colonies were not derived from any of those countries which recognized the Human law, while this law, even before the discovery of this continent had lost all living efficacy. It is not derived from the Mohammedan law; for under the mild injunctions of the Koran, a benevolent servitude, unlike yours, has prevailed—where the lash is not allowed to lacerate the back of a female; where no knife or branding iron is employed upon any human being to mark him as the property of his fellow man; where the master is expressly enjoined to listen to the desires of his slave for emancipation; and where the blood of the master, mingling with his bond woman, takes from her the transferable character of a chattel, and confers complete freedom upon their offspring. It is not derived from the Spanish law; for this law contains humane elements, unknown to your system, borrowed perhaps, from the Mohammedan Moors who so long occupied Spain; and, besides, our thirteen colonies had no umbilical connection with Spain. Nor is it derived from English statutes or American statutes; for we have the positive and repeated averment of the Senator from Virginia (Mr. Mason), and also other Senators that in not a single State of the Union can any such statutes authorizing Slavery be found. From none of these does it come. No, nor were derived any kind of Civilization in this new barbarism. It comes from Africa, ancient nurse of monsters; from Guinea, Dahomey, and Congo. There is its origin and fountain.

[After copiously quoting from both American and philosophical authority, condemning slaveholding on their own testimony, bringing their newspaper advertisements, and their declarations in various forms—official and unofficial—against them, all clearly establishing the barbarism of slavery, the speaker thus refers to its "enobling" influence upon the master.]

Much has been said to exhibit the character of the slave master, the work would be incomplete if I failed to point out that unconsciousness of the fatal influence of slavery which completes the evidence of the barbarism under which they lie. Nor am I at liberty to decline that topic; but I shall brief.

THAT Senators should openly declare Slavery "snatching," at least to the master, and also the black marble keystones of our national arch, would excite wonder if it were not explained by the examples of history. There are men who in the spirit of paradox, make themselves the parisans of a bad cause, as Jerome Cardan wrote an encomium on Nero. But, where there is no disposition to paradox, it is natural that a cherished practice should blind those who are under its influence, or there any end to these exaggerations. According to Thucydides, piracy in the early ages of Greece was alike widespread and honorable; so much so, that Telemon and Mentor, on landing at Mycenae, were asked by Nestor if they were "pirates"—privately as a stranger in South Carolina might be asked if he were a slave-master Kidnapping, too, which had not yet turned against Slavery. In this illusion he was wiser than he knew.

The Slave States of our Union are the Barbary States of North America. Though on different sides of the Atlantic, and on different continents, our Slave States and the original Barbary States occupy nearly the same parallels of latitude—nearly the same extent of longitude—embrace nearly the same number of square miles, enjoy kindred advantages of climate, being equally removed from the cold of the North and the burning heat of the tropics; and also enjoy kindred boundaries of land and water, with kindred advantages of ocean and sea—with this difference, that the boundaries of the two regions are partially reversed, so that where is land in one case is water in the other; while in both cases there is the same extent of ocean and the same extent of sea. Nor is this all. Algers, for a long time the most abominable place in the Barbary States of Africa—one branded by an indignant chronicler as "the wall of the world"—is situated near the parallel of 36° 30' North latitude, being the line of the Missouri Compromise, which once marked the "wall of Slavery in our country west of the Mississippi," while Morocco, the chief present seat of Slavery is the African Barbary, is on the parallel of 30° North latitude, being the line of the Atlantic Slave Coast.

Urging and passionate figures thus far have been our witnesses. But their testimony will be enhanced by a single glance at the geographical character of the Slave States; and here there is a singular and instructive parallel. Jefferson describes Virginia as fast sinking to be "the Barbary of the Union,"—meaning, of course, the Barbary of his day, which had not yet turned against Slavery. In this illusion he was wiser than he knew.

The Slave States of our Union are the Barbary States of North America. Though on different sides of the Atlantic, and on different continents, our Slave States and the original Barbary States occupy nearly the same parallels of latitude—nearly the same extent of longitude—embrace nearly the same number of square miles, enjoy kindred advantages of climate, being equally removed from the cold of the North and the burning heat of the tropics; and also enjoy kindred boundaries of land and water, with kindred advantages of ocean and sea—with this difference, that the boundaries of the two regions are partially reversed, so that where is land in one case is water in the other; while in both cases there is the same extent of ocean and the same extent of sea. Nor is this all. Algers, for a long time the most abominable place in the Barbary States of Africa—one branded by an indignant chronicler as "the wall of the world"—is situated near the parallel of 36° 30' North latitude, being the line of the Missouri Compromise, which once marked the "wall of Slavery in our country west of the Mississippi," while Morocco, the chief present seat of Slavery is the African Barbary, is on the parallel of 30° North latitude, being the line of the Atlantic Slave Coast.

From the surface of the globe, equal in extent—and an examination of the map will verify what I am about to state—which present so many distinctive features of resemblance; whether we consider the common parallels of latitude on which they lie, the common nature of their boundaries, their common productions, their common climate, or the common barbarism which sought shelter in both. I do not stop to inquire why Slavery, banished at last from Europe—has also from that part of this hemisphere which corresponds in latitude to Europe, should have entrenched itself in both hemispheres between the same parallels of latitude, so that Virginia, Carolina, Mississippi, and Missouri should be the American equivalent to Morocco, Algers, Tripoli, and Tunis. But there is one important point in the parallel which remains to be fulfilled. The barbarous Emperor of Morocco, in the words of a treaty, has expressed his desire that slavery might pass from the memory of man; while Algers, Tripoli, and Tunis, after cherishing slavery with a sanctity equalled only by the sanctity of South Carolina, have successfully renounced it, and disengaged it over in the indignation of mankind. In following this example the parallel will be completed, and our Barbary will become the complete picture, and our Barbary will become the complete complement to the African Barbary, as it has already been its consequence in Slavery, and is unquestionably its consequence in geographical character.

From the consideration of Slavery in its

practical results, illustrated by the contrast between the Free States and Slave States, I pass now to another stage of the argument, and proceed to exhibit Slavery in its influences on the character of slave masters. Nothing could I undertake more painful, and yet there is nothing which is more essential to the discussion, especially in response to the pretensions of Senators on this floor, nor is there any point on which the evidence is more complete. It is in the character of Slavery itself that we are to find the characters of slave masters; but I need not go back to the golden lips of Chrysostom to learn that Slavery is the fruit of covetousness, of extravagance, of insatiable greediness; for we have already seen that this five fold sinfulness is inspired by the single idea of compelling men to work without wages. This spirit must naturally appear in the slave master. But the saintly Christian saint did not disclose the whole truth.

—"So perfect is their misery, You may reject it, but it will be only for to-day. The sacred animosity between Freedom and Slavery can end only with the triumph of Freedom. The same question will soon be carried before that high tribunal, supreme over Senate and Court, where the judges will be mounted by the millions, and where the judgement rendered will be the solemn charge of an aroused people, instructing a new President, in the name of Freedom, to see that civilization receives no detriment."

[Mr. Chaceus of S. C. replies to Mr. Sumner's speech as follows]

After the extraordinary, though characteristic, speech which has just been made in the hearing of the Senate, it is necessary that we should explain the reasons which we are invited to assume.

After ranging over Europe, sneaking through back doors, and fawning at the feet of British aristocracy, seeking for pity but repaying the rich and just reward of contempt, the slanders of States and men reappear in the Senate.

We had hoped that we should be relieved from the miseries of his age, and unspeakably superior, with all the faults, to the people whose idolatry makes pilgrimage to his tomb, while their lips anathematize, and their hands smite those prophets of Liberty who now preach the duty of repentance and amendment for our deeds of depredation.

ONE OF SLAVES MARKS.

The curse which the Father of his country suffered to exist in Virginia, is clearly visible upon her soil, and the marks of slavery are to be seen upon both shores of the beautiful Potomac. Nature has not been niggardly in her gifts, and although here and there upon her banks are seen a handsome dwelling, we could not but feel that had the stream flowed near a northern city, its shores would have been lined with beautiful mansions, with tasteful country residences, whose existence would have indicated the presence of free labor, and of paid industry.

As no exceptions appear, and as it is the Cleveland Leader, Galvin's orthodoxy is established with this.

After a word or two, we have

SALEM, OHIO, JUNE 23, 1860.

non-committal; and looking cautiously around checked on:

"He, hel you too shabby for them old feller; keep dark; if you jist speak one word of English, white man have a hoe in your hand in less'n one minute."

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

"PROVIDENCE HAS MADE ME AN ACTOR, AND SLAVERY AN OUTLAW."—John Brown of Osawatomie.

SALEM, OHIO, JUNE 23, 1860.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

To go to see Washington and not to go to Mt. Vernon, would be a wide departure from general usage, and we accordingly fell in with the popular current, and visited the resting place of one, whom many respects was certainly in advance of his age, and unspeakably superior, with all the faults, to the people whose idolatry makes pilgrimage to his tomb, while their lips anathematize, and their hands smite those prophets of Liberty who now preach the duty of repentance and amendment for our deeds of depredation.

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SALEM, OHIO, JUNE 23, 1860.

THE REPUBLICAN.

To man, his birthright, him that wants to labor, him that works, his own base platform. Reader port!

Now, either we have form to very little purpose, the Press is greatly misused, and given off for general republicans principles a

condition. Look at the above quotation, both

CONDITION OF THE MANSION.

We think no one can visit the mansion and grounds of Mt. Vernon without feeling that the \$200,000 demanded and received by the late proprietor as its purchase money, was a speculation that snared more of pecuniary profit to John A. Washington than of either honor, honesty, or patriotism. Upon beholding the neglected condition of the grounds and the tumble-down appearance of the Mansion, it is difficult to repress a feeling of indignation against the person who has thus suffered these things to occur, and then demanded increased pay for such neglect. The slip-shod appearance of things at Mt. Vernon would probably not strike a Southerner with the same force as it would one from the North, for a development of the same spirit to be witnessed in almost

every part that we saw of Old Virginia, for not

only does everything look old without the venerable appearance of age, but one is inclined to doubt whether they were ever new. A prosperous farmer of the West would be ashamed to have his farm and his farm appointments of such character as those which seem to visit a Virginia planter.

IT IS

Lincoln's nomination

enthusing ratification

where held. As the nomination by any nominating

and as no nominating

a lack of enthusiasm

Franklin Pierce—it was

have the Chicago nomination

universal rule. It is the

slavery politicians, who

but it takes in certain

less likely to ascertain

their principles may be

Democrats, who have gone

more slave States, to a

platform manufactured

form of 1840.

Takes for instance the

Democrat, which says:

"The effort of Lincoln

is little less than miraculous

unquelled all the angel

the Democratic party

but it is the

slavery politicians, who

but it takes in certain

<p

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT.

Republican friends think it very strange after they have nominated for the Presidency who is possibly a shade nearer the anti-slavery complexion than is either Douglas or Bell, when abolitionists should not swing their hats for Lincoln, receiving him if not as a trifled, or even as a half loaf, yet as a lesser loaf. Putting aside for the present all the stolid arguments by which politicians try to pervert themselves and others it is right to do what had before determined to do right or wrong. Is not every sufficient reason why we should put in the very last the election of Lincoln, and the wishes of his friends are to be regarded as indicators of the course to be pursued by the administration? If he should come into power in Cayuga County, Ratifying Convention, Paris, in the course of his speech declared: "The cry of dissolution had been often raised over the Republican party. It was false; we are the Union party, and for one, he wished that Lincoln was elected he would go so far that any man, be he from North or South, dared to stand in favor of a dissolution of the Union. If the Congress do, he should be tried, beaten and hanged in the city of Washington."

A PRISONER RELEASED.

We have read of a man who won an elephant at a raffle, and though he at first exulted in his good luck, was afterward sadly puzzled what to do with the animal. He had no suitable place in which to keep it, no fodder on which to feed it, could find no one to buy it, or who would accept it as a gift, and he dared not turn the beast loose.

The United States Senate has been in almost as bad a predicament in regard to Thaddeus Hyatt. When it appointed its Mason Committee it expected to gather up facts that would exonerate the nation, and to make a report which would have a far more stirring effect than the report of John Brown's ruffians in Virginia. Perhaps this might have been the case had the proper witnesses been summoned, and the Committee been able to compel them to testify. But men whose political opinions were of the Democratic complexion were not called upon for evidence, even when they boasted, like Gov. Wm. of what they knew, and declared that rubies could not buy the disclosure. And in the case of some others, it was found that although the Senate had power to call, if not spite it, yet bodies from the "vasty deep," the bodies would not always come, as in the case of Frank Sanborn and John Brown Jr. And when they did come, they sometimes would not testify, as in the case of the contumacious Hyatt, who was made to feel the power, if not the right of the Senate to imprison for contempt. An incarceration of three months in Washington jail did not increase Mr. Hyatt's respect for his Honorable jailors, and the close of the session, and the year's end of the Congressional session found him as contumacious as when first imprisoned, and even more so.

GIVE US THE PROOF.

The Painesville Press and Advertiser has at the end of its editorial columns what purports to be the Republican platform. To man, his birthright; to labor freedom; to man that wants in labor, work and independence; to man that works his dues! That is the Republican platform. Reader, shall it have your support?

Now, either we have read the Republican platform to very little purpose, or else the editor of the Press is grossly mistaken, or he designs to give us for general circulation a spurious bill of Republican principles and obtain votes under false pretenses. Look at the first two declarations of the platform, both of which seem to us to be palpably false, though not more so than the application of the rest of the sentence.

"To man, his birthright." Does the Republican platform propose to give the four millions of American slaves their birthright? On the contrary, does it not unequivocally declare that each state has the right to control its own institutions, knowing that slavery is a State institution in one half of the Union, and that by one sixth of our entire population are denied the possession of their birthright?

To labor, freedom." The Republican platform denounces the efforts of all past and all future John Browns to give labor to labor, and pronounces such efforts as among the greatest of crimes!

We were never broken in as a politician, and it is probably owing to this fact that what seems to us mean and contemptible, a violation of truth and bare chicanery is to the partisan justification, and a trick of trade necessary to more success.

IT TAKES.

Lincoln's nomination takes with the party, and massocratic ratification meetings are being everywhere held. As there was never yet made a nomination by any party but what was just the thing, and as no nominee was ever received with such enthusiasm—not even James K. Polk or Franklin Pierce—it would be very wonderful to have the Chicago nomination an exception to the universal rule. It takes, not only among ordinary politicians, who would submissively take Seward if the party placed him in nomination, but it takes in certain quarters where men are likely to sacrifice their principles, poor as their principles may be, than the political abolitionists, who have gone down from Birney and no more slave States, to Lincoln and the Chicago platform manufactured after the model Whig platform of 1840.

Takes for instance the testimony of the St. Louis Democrat, which says:

The effect of Lincoln's nomination at the South is little less than miraculous. It seems to have tranquilized all the angry elements in that quarter, the Democratic party alone excepted. The millennium contingent on the establishment of the southern confederacy, which was itself contingent on the election of a Republican to the Presidency, is evidently postponed. The note of preparation for the marching of armed hosts to dislodge the Union in the event of a Republican victory in November, is heard no more throughout the land. The most desperate secessionist threatens no revolt, and advises no treasonable action. All that all this is to be ascribed to the admitted conservatism of Lincoln's character and opinions, is perhaps doubtful. We are of opinion that the thinking men of the South are, in reality, more favorable to his election than to that of Douglass.

BREAKERS AHEAD.

The recent action of the Pennsylvania courts in relation to the dozen men, who a couple of months since attempted to rescue a fugitive slave from the hands of a U. S. Marshal is such as should alarm the conservatives of the Union. After a full and impartial trial they were found guilty of the heinous crime of obstructing the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, and for this were sentenced to a fine of \$25 each, and one month's imprisonment. Now if the rescuers of fugitive slaves are to be let off with so light a punishment, cannot any one see that the penalty is in fact an invitation to repeat the offence. We hope our southern brethren will look closely into this matter, and demand that Philadelphia punishes her laxity of judicial sternness by one or more Union saving meetings. If something of the kind is not done, we fear the ship of State will speedily be wrecked amid the breakers ahead.

HOMS AGAIN.—We are again at our post. The Bugle has done so well during our absence that it is possible we may subject it to a similar experience, seeing that we have been urged to take the lecturing field for a short time.

The Chicago Convention has promulgated a program of principles which, with a few exceptions, would apply quite as readily to one portion of the country as another. Instead of breathing hard and persecuting against the South—in aid of crushing slavery with polygamy, and re-

FROM THE LECTURING FIELD.

Our meeting at Sandusky last week was not largely attended, as the evening was rainy, and like most other County Seats, it seems abandoned to moral indolence and profligation. Sandusky is not however without its master-of-fest, such and blood men and women, who by their visible fruits, have long ago demonstrated that theirs is no tame part in the tragic Drama of Slavery and Anti-Slavery.

Our meeting at Palmyra on the Sunday following, was large and refreshing, and if the present reviewer saw no "vision" there, at least there was sufficient forecasting, that there might be a refuge of safety to the hunted outcast, and a home for the oppressed. Heroic truth, and invincible principle seemed to bind together men, who could dare adjust criminal enactments, as the potters clay of judicial prodigies and who could look with an earnest practical eye, at human life and its relations.

At Berlin District we had the pleasure of meeting a large number of men and women, full of royal faith and good works, who have not shrank from the heat and burdens of the day, struggling with the spectre of a pro-slavery religion, and doing desperate battle against social and political institutions, that deny to the slaves their birth-right and heaven inspired freedom.

At Berlin center we found no difficulty in obtaining the M. E. Church for an Anti-slavery meeting—and were it not, that the same inquisitorial spirit that twenty years ago muted, and tamed and feathered out of God's representative children, (who still rejoice in the blessed sunlight of the great part allotted to him then, and of the great talents given him for the same) and that to day is still trimming and trouncing before popular favor, with a miserable medium of success—we might have addressed a much larger, though surely, not more appreciative audience, than we had the pleasure of meeting.

The reflection seemed irrepressible that while all the dicing spirit of persecutions, that heralded its thunder and its fire, at the new-born utterance of Anti-Slavery, is departed—sunk to silence, like a tavern brawl; from that chaotic Anti-Slavery is creating practical men and women, who inspired words, are to abide in living hearts, as the life and inspiration of thinkers, born and unborn. Let us work then at these works—Like a star unhaunted, yet unresting!

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING.

TIME EXTENDED.

The \$100 and \$200 Prizes.

In consequence of the limited notice through the press of the above offer, I am now taking measures to thoroughly advertise the same, and of consequence extend the time, which is hereby extended to the 10th day of August, 1860.

The following distinguished gentlemen have accepted the duty of making the awards:

John Jay, Esq., Hiram Barney, Esq., and Edgar Kitcham, Esq. of New York; the Hon. S. Sewall, and John A. Andrew, Esq., and the Rev. John Pierpont of Massachusetts.

My offer is \$100 for the best Popular Essay,

and \$200 for the best Legal Essay on the following questions viz:

I. In what, if any, cases, does the Constitution permit the Senate of the United States to coerce witnesses for information to merely aid legislation?

II. In what, if any, cases, does the Constitution permit the Senate of the United States to coerce witnesses from their States to merely aid legislation?

III. In what, if any, cases, does the Constitution permit the Senate of the United States to investigate alleged crime to merely aid legislation?

Essays not to exceed 40 pages octavo, long primer.

The Popular Essays to be sent to the Hon. S. E. Sewall, No. 46 Washington st., Boston. The Legal Essays to Edgar Kitcham, Esq., No. 79 Nassau st., New York.

Each Essay to be submitted with a motto attached.

The name and address of the writer to be in a sealed envelope, bearing the motto of the Essay.

THADDEUS HYATT.

Washington Jail, June 5, 1860.

HOW ABOUT SLAVERY?—At a recent Galebach meeting in London, Mr. Miles, an American, was in a full flow of a denunciation of despotism, when he was quietly inquiry of one of the audience, "How about Slavery?" "Never mind about Slavery," said Mr. Miles; "I was not talking about Slavery," to which reply some one retorted by the utterance of a most significant "Oh!"—Finally Mr. Miles said he understood the Declaration of Independence to mean men of all countries, creeds and colors.

ROGER SHERMAN was Representative in Congress from Connecticut; his business had been that of making shoes. John Randolph, who had Indian blood in him rose, and in his usual squeaking voice, said: "I should like to know what the gentleman did with his leather apron before he set out for Washington?" Mr. Sherman replied, imitating the same squeak: "I lost it up, sir, to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas."

A boy is very miscellaneous in his habits. We sampled master Smith's pockets the other day, and found the contents to consist of the following articles: Sixteen marbles, one top, an oyster shell, two pieces of brick, one doughnut, a piece of currant comb, a paint brush, three wasps, a handful of corks, a oblong, two knives, both broken, a slate strap, three buckles, and a digged primer.—Analyzed.

TAX INVESTIGATIONS.—What do we know of the hero's struggle, or the individual's sorrow? What do we know of the reasons that have led the man to be an individual—how he has endeavored to avert the problem of life, it may be by a false method, and has reached a wrong conclusion? What do we know of the honesty of persons with which he has reached the result? Little do we imagine that the hero's falsehood may be nobler than our truth because it is held in a nobler way and vindicated by a manlier effort.—Chapin.

It is satisfactory to the Second Advent people to know that J. V. Himes, the leader of the American Stock, has made an agreement with Dr. Cushing, whereby the end of all things, including the world, is to take place in 1867. So long as these two lights were at variance concerning the time of the catastrophe of course nothing could be done.

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THE AN-TISLAVERY BUGLE.

ALLEGORICAL.

For the A. S. Bugle.

TO A DEMOGOOGUE.

If close upon the steps of him
Whose hand the kindred blood had shed
Like as his proper shadow, for
The Unconscious followed, dark and dread,
Nor yet relaxed her ire when from
The abandoned body started forth
The soul, but unrelenting still
Pursued for aye his wandering swarth,
Until he knew that now for him
No respite was foreseen,
And that his shape should be his guest
On whatsoever sea or shore,

And cried aloud, but cried in vain,
For such that spirit wild and worn,
And wrung his hands in inward pain,
With anguish fierce and fell so torn

That in the mornes surely none
Were so wracked yet as he,
With these upon the verge of time
How shall it be at last with thee,

When on the Dark Confines thy soul
Sounds trembling only with its fears,
And the inexorable near
Is walking with remorseless shears,

To launch thee on that unknown sea
That millions more have ventured on,
From whose expanse no back'st e'er
Returned upon that voyage gone,—

Aye, how shall it be with thee when
With that fell Fury face to face
Thou standest in thy final hour,
In heart the murderer of a race?

Who on the humble, tearful poor
That seek through toil their daily bread,
Dost trample in thy mean career,
And bruise them with remorseless tread,

Who liveth only in the press
And putteth tumult wild and loud,
Drawing Imperial Reason's voice
In the great clamour of the crowd.

And askest us to join with thee,
(forgetting suffering manhood's claims,)
And add thou in thy struggle base
To reach thy low and private aims,

That we, the heirs of all the past,
Should throw our heritages away
And close our eyes in blindness to
Our century's bliss of glorious day!

Not like to him who, having wrought
For God's large family, serves
Lies down to his last sleep in peace,
While nations chant his solemn threne,

Within the past whose names shall stand
Through the long ages beaming far,
Ever on the sons of men
With splendour pure and like a star!

The knight of old he strove to right
The wronged with open valour brave—
Then meanly strivest for thyself,
With trick of schemer and of knave.

The play is cut. The player poor
Must cast his tinsel wear aside,
And cease the hollow, sounding phrase,
Lest every fool and clown despise.

No, rather seek thou to atone;
Thy dread and grievous errors past;
Thus mayst thou from thy heavy load
Be in the ages freed at last.

Thus, only, thou thyself mayst free
From that dark Fury's direful sway—

Thus shall her ireful form dissolve
And vanish like a mist away.

HOWARD WORCESTER GIBERT,

Chester County, Pennsylvania.

ARTEMUS WARD MEETS THE OCTOORON

ONTO THE WIND, April the 17, 18 & 60.—It is with no ordinary feelings of shagrin and indignation that I write these here lines. Sum of the biest and most pernicious which accosts the human heart has been tramped into. The American flag has been outraged. Its sinning Adder is in my bosom. The far the kase is this here. A few weeks ago I left Baldwinsville to go to N. Y. to get out my flamin' yaller handbills for the summer hampagne. As I was perusing a newspaper on the kase a middled aged man in spectacles cum and sat down unto me. He was dressed in black clothe, and was apparently as fine a man as ever was.

"A fine da Sur," he did, unto me strate way as "Midlin," ses I, not wishing to commit myself, the he passed to be as fine a man as there was in the world—"It's a middlin' fine day, Square," I observed. See he how fares the Ship of State in your regale of kedevity? "Sei! We don't have no ships in our State—that know is our best bolt." He paused a minit and then said, "Aye you aware, that the kase is with us?" "No sir, I, givin' up and looking under the seat, "where is she?" "She's over everywhere," he said.

See I, "Why ya du tawf!" and I got up again & lookt all round. "I must as, my fren," continued, as I resumed my seat, that I, kant see nothing of no kaise myself." I fel' sumwai alarmed, & arose & in a stoutorwian voice observed that if eny lady or gentleman in that thar kar had a kaise concealed about their persons they'd better projec it at onotor & suffer consequences. Several individuals snickered rate out, while a patty little damsel rate behind me in a pine grove made the obscurashun, "He, he." "Sit down, my fren," said the man in black clothe, "ya miskomprehend me. I mean that the perticular ellermans are o'recast with black clouds & bodes a fitful storm." "Wall," replied I, in regard to parlerter cal ellermans, I don't know as how but that they is as good as any other kind of ellermans. But I walk bold to say they is all a ornary set & on plennt to have round. They air powerful heavy eaters. & besides they are ugly and reverfoul as a Cossacoruan Indian with 13 inches of corn whisky in his stomach."

The man in black clothe seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the world. He said & sed prope I was rite, that it was ellermans instid of ellermants that he alluded to, & told me what was my pinterpals. "I haft got enny 'ed I don't run serpal, Ime in the show, licorne." The man in black clothe I will hear obsevare, seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the world. "Butses he, you has feelings into you!" Ya同情as with the misfortunates, the lowly & the bare-neck, don't you?" The man in black clothe was appre- endy as there was as ever was in the world, any where.

"Draw closer to me," said the man in black clothe. "Let me get my mouth fermeat yore ear. Bush, THERE A OCTOORON?" "Nod" ses I gettin' up in an excited manner—"ya don't say so! How long has she been that wyl?" "From her aileest infancy, said he. "Wall, what upon earth das she do for it?" I inquired. "She can't help it," said the man in black clothe—"it's the brand of Kane." "Wall shebe better stop drinkin' Kane's brandy," I replied. "I sed the brand of Kane was upon her—not brandy my fren. Yu air obtuse."

I was considerble riled at this. Ses I, "My gentl Sir, Ime a nonresistant as a ginea pig and don't want to get up no rows with nobbody, but I kin nevertheless kase in my man's head that kalle me a aboos, with which remarks I kommet fur a pull of my extygramint. 'Com-on,' ses I—Time bears a Benki Boy for yir! & I danced round like a puppit. He ris up in his seat axed my pardoun—sed it was all a mistake—I was a good man, cisterly, & now fib, & fix it all up pleasant. I must as the man in black clothe seemed to be as fine a man as ever lived in the world. He sed Octoorn was the 7th of a negrow. He likewise stated that the female he was travis with was formerly a slave in Mississippi, that she purchas her freedom, & now wanted to purchase the freedom of her mother, who the man in black clothe observed) was between 87 years of age, & had to do all the cooking & washin in for 25 hired men which was rapidly breakin down her constitutio. He sed he known the minite gaud onto my klassee & benesurant face that ide donate liberally, and axed me to go over and see her, which I accordingly did.

I set down beside her, and sed! "Yore surrant, marm! How du yer git along?" She burst in 2 teers & sed, "O Sur like so retched—ime a poor unfortunate Octoorn." So I lare, Yore rather mor Roon than Octo, I take it," sed I for I never seen a pretter gal in the hell endorin time of my life. She had on a More Antic Back & a Puplin Nubier with Berage trimmins onto it, while her Ise and kurls was enuf to make a man jump into a mill pond without biddin his relashons good by. I pited the Octoorn from the immor reusses of my hart & hawed out 50 dollars ker clap & told her to buy her old mother as soon as possebul. See she 'kine sur, much thanks!' She then lade her over onto my shoulder & sed I was 'old rats!' I was astounished to hear this observation, which I knowed was never used in refined society & I perfidly shoved her hed away.

Ses I-Mars, Ime trooly sprised!" Ses she, 'getout. Yore the sickest old man I've seen yet—Give us another 50!" Had a select assortiment of tremenous thunderbolts descend down unto me I coudnot had been more takin shock. I jump up, but she ceased my cost tales & in a wild voice cri'd: "No lieve deserf you—let us fi together to a farrin shoor!" Ses I, "Not much we wont," and I made a powerful effort to get awa from her. This is plaid out, I sed, whereupon she jerk me back into the seat. Leggo my coat you scandous female," I roared, when she set up the most unearily yellin and hollerin you ever heerd. The passengers & the genitallym konduktor rush to spot & I don't think I ever experienced such a rumpus in the hull chours of my nairal dase. The man in black clothe rush up to me & sed "How da yu insult my neese, you horched ragbone! You base exhibitor of low wax figgers—yu would be in sheep's clo'e," & sow iwh.

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I was confusid. I was a loonatic for the time bein and offered \$5 reward to eny gentelman of good moral character who could tell me what my name was & what town I lived into. The konduktor come to me & sed the insuld partie wood settle for \$50, which I immediatly hawed out, & again implord somebody to state where I was principally, & if I should be there a great while myself If things went on as theyde goin for sum time back, I then axed if there is, let um cum along, for Ims in the Octoorn biotic."

I then thru my spouters out of the wind, smash my hat wildly down over my Ise, lafed histerically & fell under. I lay there sum time and fell asleep. I dreft Mrs. Ward & twins had been carried off by Ryansissassuses & that Baldwinsville had been captured by army of Octoorners. When I awoke the lamps was a burnin dimly. Sum of the passengers was a scurie like pawpaws & the little dumself in the pine grove was singin 'Off in the Silly nite.' The on principuled Octoorn and the man in black clothe was gone, and all of a sudden it flash ore my brane that ide bin swidid. He boote no more of been smart.

Surely yore.

ARTEMUS WARD.

LITERARY OF THEODORE PARKER. [The Boston correspondent of *The Gloucester Telegraph* thus describes the library of the Rev. Theodore Parker.]

He has given his library to the city of Boston, and a noble gift it is. Eighteen thousand volumes, written in thirty different languages, among them, 2,000 books of reference. Whoever has paid a visit to his library will not soon forget it. Up the stairway, passing the great wooden clock, which has ticked through the lives of so many of his family, to the upper story of his house, in Exeter place, you burst against the old Queen's arm that his successor carried on Lexington Green, and enter a large room, extending the whole length of the house, lighted by windows at each end. Here are the books, so long intimate friends to him. When will they find such a friend again? Who can tell? Perhaps they must keep their sympathies pent up, until they moulder or are eaten by worms.

"The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem."

Years ago there was a poor farmer's boy, working hard for daily bread. At ten years of age he had learned all that the district school could teach him. A friend told him he would teach him Latin if he had a lesson. He thirited for the knowledge, few know how to thirst. But how but by the same spirit of indomitable perseverance that has placed him at the head of the world's living scholars. He picked huckleberries, and sold them at three cents a quart, until the fortune was amassed, and learned the language, the first of twenty-eight with which he was familar. Here it is, the very book, the best Theodore Parker ever bought. It is far from lonely now. 1,000 compajions. Musty old black-letter folios, bound in vellum, fitted with antique clasps, and the chains which suppended them in some medieval cell. Classics, richly bound and printed. The spruce scenes of to-day, by the suupestuous old fugitives of long aga. Estays, Bliggy, Hickey, Am, Scrooge, Poetry, Ballads of England, Spain, Germany, Ireland, and America, a hand number of rare maps, embrasing evrything from Boston to the White-Nile. Dictionaries and Encyclopedias, piled three or four feet

deep, on the walls, in chairs, on the floor, everywhere, where no one but he could find them, a wilderness, a labyrinth of books.

Here by the back window stands his desk, with perhaps a manuscript lying on it, written partly in cipher, and the rest in handwriting almost as illegible. On one side a Persian hand of Joses, on the other one of Spartacus. Before him there hung a picture of Daniel Webster, until one day of a certain month of March he, almost in tears, came into the room and took it down forever. Here, too, is his inkstand, out of which at his touch there leaped so many living, breathing thoughts. It is large and heavy enough to be the same as that with which Martin Luther sought to overcome the Father of Evil.

BIRTH DAY REFLECTIONS.

BY GEORGE D. FRENCH.

It will be over soon. Another year is gone, and its low knell is tolling now O'er the wide ocean of the past.

Alas!

I am not as in boyhood. There were hours of joyousness that seem like angel-shapes upon my heart, but they are altered now.

And rise on memory's view like statues pale By a dim fount of tears. And there were streams upon whose breasts the sweet young blossoms leaned

To list the gush of music, but their depths Are turned to dust. There were blessed lights That shone, sweet rainbow of the spirit, o'er The skies of new existence, but their gleams, Like the lost Pleiad of the olden time,

Hare faded from the zenith and are lost Mid Earth's cold mockery!

How all is changed!

The guardians of my young and sinless years No more are dwellers of the earth. Their tones Of love oft dwell in the twilight breeze, Or wander sweetly down through mists and dews, At midnight's calm and melancholy hour,

But voice alone is there! Ages of thought Come o'er me then, and, with a spirit won Back to my earlier years, I kneel again At young life's broken shrine.

The thirst of power

Has been a fever to my spirit. Oft, Even in my boyhood, I was wont to gaze Upon the awful expanse rushing down With its eternal thunder peal, the lone Expanse of Ocean with its infinite

Of dark blue waters roaring to the heavens, The night-storms fiercely rending the great oaks From their rock-pinnacles, the giant clouds Waving their plumes like warriors in the sky,

And darting their quick lightnings through the air Like the red flash of swords—ay, I was wont To gaze on these and almost weep to think I could not match their strength. The same wild

shriek For power is yet upon me; it has been A madness in my day-dreams, and a curse Upon my being; it has led me on

To mingle in the strife of men; and now A myriad of foes have left upon my name The stain of their vile breaths.

Well, be it so!

There is a silent purpose in my heart, And neither love nor fear hat shall quell That one fixed daring. Though my being's stream Give forth no music now, 'tis passing back To its great fountain in the skies, and there To will rest forever in the ocean tide

Of God's immensity. I will not mourn Life's shrouded memories. I can still drink in the unshaded brightness of the universe, Once with a soul of pride upon the brow Magnificence above, and hear the hymns Of heaven in all the starry beams, and fill Gien, vale and wood and mountain with the bright And glorious visions poured from the deep home Of an immortal mind. Past year, farewell!

TABLE DELICACIES.

Added to a certain routine of food, we are apt to smile at, or loathe the viands with which others of our kind regale themselves. This thing of eating is indeed but a matter of taste, and varies with the climate, latitudes, and boundaries of the world. The Romans considered the beans of peacock and the tongue of nightingales the choicest delicacies possible. The greatest delicacy by being a little puffed. The Laplanders live meat and drink whaleoil. In Nova Zembla the blood of the reindeer and its flesh are highly esteemed. The Calmari Tariers eat raw jackass meat. And the Chinese highly esteem salted earth worms, and little balls made of shark's fin, powdered shrimp, and maggots of immense size. These things, however, are for the aristocratic Cestiles. The lower classes consider dogs and cats first rate; and deer a drowned rat a dainty dish. The Siamese detest without distinction, rice, mien, purified fish, serpents, and all sorts of garbage. Those refectory gourmands, the Parisians and Londoners, are fond of high estimation by South American epicsures. And so it is the world over. Our tastes recoil at these recitals of the food wherewith the great majority of the human race is sustained. Perhaps they regard us and our diet in the same light.

ENGLISH WIFE OF A REDOUIN CHIEF.

[The Syrian correspondent of the Boston Traveller gives the following account of an English lady of rank and beauty, who has lately become the wife of a Redouin Chief:]

"At the hotel of Mr. Carey I found a most singular specimen of the English woman, who seems to equalize the character of the famous and once powerful Lady Hester Stanhope—known as Lady Dugay; she excites the mirth and ridicule of the natives, but as the wife of Sheikh Miguel—the Redouin Chief of Damascus—she yields a powerful influence among the Bedouins of the desert. Possessed of an ample fortune, Lady Klemensburgh, once the favorite of the Court of St. James, after her fall and divorce the wife of a Russian nobleman, and then of a French Prince, she established herself in Damascus a few years ago. Hers she prevaied on a noted Redouin Chief to put away his wives and live with her. They spend their winters in town and their summers in the desert, where she visited the old wives of the sheikhs, taking with her many beautiful presents to appear

their wealth and jealousy."

She has frequently been seen in the desert, habited in the one loose robe of the children of the sandy waste, bare-footed and bare-headed. In

Damascus she wears the long white sheet, which covers her figure, but leaves in good English style, still retaining the luxuries of civilized life, and a French maid. Her constant attendance upon Protestant worship, when in town, gives travelers frequent opportunity of seeing her; and being a majestic woman in appearance, and still retaining traces of a wondrous beauty, she always attracts attention and inquiry. I hear that she has lately had her marriage with the Sheikh legalid in the Cadi of Damascus, and recorded in the British Consulate.

Her lord and master—for in this country a husband is most emphatically a "Lord of creation"—possesses nothing either in face or figure to attract a woman of cultivated taste. Small in stature, darker than a mulatto, with small, piercing black eyes, and walking with the swaggering gait of the Bedouin, he disappoints every one who sees him; for one would naturally expect to see something in the appearance of the man which would account for this singular freak of an English lady of rank and fortune in choosing for her husband from among the rascals of the desert. But such expectations are far from being met at sight of this most inferior specimen of the Bedouin race. This interesting couple are now en route for Europe, where Lady Dugay hopes to educate and civilize her tawny spouse."

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.